I MAK SICCAR
ANDREW·J·KIRKPATRICK

1309

SIX EXCELLENT

SONGS.

CLARINDA.
THE HIGHLAND PLAID.
MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.
A RED, RED ROSE.
THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.
A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

NEWTON-STEWART:
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THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go
Where the hills are clad wi' snow;
Where beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill nor wae ahall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring
Will gar a' our plantings ring;
Soon our bonny heather braes
Will put on their simmer claes;
On the mountain's sunny side,
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the simmer spreads the flower's
Busk's the glen in leafy bowr's,
Then we'll seek thee caller shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed:
While the burning hours preside.
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid,

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonny boat,
Skim the loch wi' canty glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
When chily breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine;
Lowland lads hae mair of art,
A' my boast's an honest heart,
Whilk shall ever be my pride;
O row thee in my Highland plaid.

Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart would break at our farewell;
Lang your love has made me fain,
Take me, take me for your ain!
'Cross the Frith, away then glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O my love's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will love thee still my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel, a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

CLARINDA.

Clarinda, mistress of my soul,
The measured time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Depr'v'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part,—but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps.
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day:
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour,d laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravished young;
So I, for my lost darl'ng's sake,
Lament the live-day long.

Death oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond I bare my breast,
O do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love at rest!

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snows the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young highland rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden:
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's returned to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night do thou befriend me:
Downy sleep the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa.

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